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THE TRI-WEEKLY SOLIPHONE

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THE TRI-WEEKLY SOLIPHONE, Paragould, Arkansas.

ARCTIC WARMING UP.

Maybe there is something, after all, in that French story about the Gulf Stream being diverted from Europe by the filling of channels by the Florida East Coast Railroad. To the French stories of abnormal cold experienced in western Europe lately are now added stories of abnormal heat in the Arctic region.

Dr. Hoel of the University of Norway reports finding warm water and hardly any ice within nine degrees of the North Pole, where there is usually much ice and very cold weather. A sea captain who has sailed the eastern Arctic for 50 years declares that the weather has been growing steadily warmer since 1918, and the Arctic today is hardly recognizable as the same region it was from 1868 to 1917.

This year at many points, well known glaciers have entirely disappeared, and where there were formerly great masses of ice and snow there are now only heaps of earth and stones. There are corresponding changes in the flora and fauna, with seals and fish shifting farther north.

All this may be accidental, the result of three or four winters in succession made warmer than usual for purely natural reasons. It will take 10 years' observation, say scientists, to prove any fundamental change. Yet the idea of the Polar regions warming up is full of interest, for many reasons.

Recent explorers have directed American attention particularly toward the Arctic, as a place for profitable enterprise and human habitation. Geology reveals the fact that the Arctic formerly had a semi-tropical climate before the last great ice age, and seems destined to have one again. This natural process of warming up, however, would take many thousand years.

Is it possible that an accidental bit of work done by man should give the Far North Atlantic, with all its frozen lands, the heat which has made life so tolerable in western Europe and give England, France and other mild countries the climate of Labrador? And if so, what could they do about it?

WORLD RADIO CROP SERVICE.

In the good old days government crop reports were concerned chiefly with the crops of last season or several seasons ago. It was slow work collecting the necessary statistics, and the best use to which they could be put, once they were collected, was to serve as material for explaining the development of current conditions and for estimating future crops under similar or altered conditions.

Radio has put new usefulness into crop reports. The other day the United States Department of Agriculture received a radiogram from its Berlin representative giving some important information about beet sugar production in Germany. Within five minutes from the sending of that message from Berlin it had been relayed to all parts of the United States.

This world radio crop service should be of inestimable value to American farmers and to the nation generally. It makes it possible to interpret changing economic conditions not only in the light of last year's events, but with a full knowledge of current developments. Agriculturists in this country can now keep in as close touch with matters of special concern to them as do men and women in finance, industry and commerce.

TO DRY UP BAHAMAS.

Very ingenious is the proposal of federal prohibition officials that the government shall buy the Bahamas, and dry them up, to complete the drying process in the continental United States.

The Bahamas do offer a serious problem at present. Liquor is being smuggled into the country right along from many of those islands, and many million dollars' worth has been concentrated there for shipment since the decision of our government to respect the three-mile limit.

Ingenious—but not convincing. It is easy to understand Secretary Mellon's lack of enthusiasm for the project. For one thing, it is doubtful whether Great Britain would consent to turn over that great maze of islands, either for cash or in part payment of her war debt. For another, it is doubtful whether possession of the islands would simplify Uncle Sam's liquor problem.

There is trouble enough now in American territory, both continental and insular. It would take an immense force of prohibition officers to guard those islands. And with the process started, where would it stop? Logically, we might have to go ahead and buy Newfoundland, Canada and Mexico to dry up this country.

The general American impression is, too, that we have quite enough islands at present to look after and safeguard in a military way.

SAVING INFANTS.

New Zealand, in 1919, lost only 45 children under one year of age for every 1,000 live births. During that year the United States lost 87 children, very nearly twice as many.

The U. S. Children's Bureau attributes New Zealand's fine showing to its organized infant welfare work. The organization most active in behalf of

child-saving is the Royal New Zealand Society for the Health of Women and Children. That society is subsidized by the government, and its work covers the entire Dominion. It maintains a special hospital in which nurses are given intensive post-graduate training in the care of babies. These nurses give free advice and assistance to all mothers of the community who need it. It carries on continuous public education in "mothercraft," in which newspapers and other publications help by means of health columns and various methods of passing on information about child care and maternal nursing.

The department of education regulates the boarding homes in which children under six years of age are taken care of apart from their mothers. The death rate in foster homes was reduced, in the decade from 1908 to 1918, from 143 to 21 per 1,000 infants.

Knowledge of New Zealand's success in protecting its children should spur America on to greater efforts along this line. The Sheppard-Towner act is regarded by many authorities as a big step in the right direction. Full co-operation between the national and local governments is necessary, along with the continued effort of welfare organizations, schools and health workers. There is no reason why the United States should lose so many potential fine citizens every year through ignorance and lack of proper care.

LONDON FOGS IN NEW YORK.

Visitors to New York this fall have hardly known the city. Its clear, bright atmosphere has been missing. A large part of the time there has been a thick haze dimming the outlines of buildings, and several times there has been a veritable London fog, of the pea soup variety, blotting out everything and choking everybody.

This phenomenon is explained as due to the same thing that causes the characteristic fogs in London—soft coal smoke. Given such smoke in conjunction with enough dampness in the air, any city would have a London fog, or a Manchester fog, or a Pittsburgh fog. New York has been free from this evil in the past because it has burned hard coal. Lately there has been an influx of the smoky fuel, as a result of the prolonged coal strike which created an almost prohibitive scarcity of anthracite.

The harm done is admittedly tremendous. If Manchester, Eng., loses \$5,000,000 a year in damage from soft coal soot, New York must lose many times that much. And that reckoning includes only such obvious material damage as soiled clothes, curtains, etc. There is also an incalculable loss to health, to vegetation and to the general standard of decent living.

New York will doubtless get its hard coal again, in time. Its sad plight, however, should drive the lesson home to other cities that are obliged to burn soft coal regularly. Fuel experts insist that nearly all of the damage and general nastiness could be avoided by using improved furnaces with smoke consumers and more intelligent methods of firing.

Eventually, no doubt, the problem will be solved everywhere by having the coal consumed at the mouth of the mine, and transformed into clean electric current for use in cities.

PATRIOTIC EGOTISM.

Just when it seemed as if things had really quieted down in Ireland for good, De Valera and his associates burst forth with new assertions of their intention to continue battle for the Republic, "to victory or extermination." Thus they inflict fresh and useless bloodshed upon their patient country.

There is nothing praiseworthy in their stand. It is not heroic. It is egotism gone to seed. The same stubborn determination devoted to promoting the interests of the Free State would bring Ireland to the front speedily in world affairs. Prating of their love for Ireland, they drag her down.

De Valera speaks of "extermination." He is thinking of the Republican cause, but it is a sadly significant expression. If men and women go on making egregious blunders in the name of patriotism, the time comes when, as one Irishman has pointed out, "about the best thing they can do for their country is to die for it."

COSTLY CHAIN LETTERS.

The Saturday Evening Post presents some totals in regard to chain letters which should be of interest to the many victims of these missives. If the sender of a single chain letter were successful in his attempt to have it sent by each of nine different persons to nine other persons, and so on for 10 sendings, more than three billion people would receive such letters. That would mean somewhere around seventy million of dollars for postage and tons of stationery, all wasted on a very useless communication.

Fortunately not all the receivers of these silly and occasionally harmful documents are fools enough to forward them. The chain is broken frequently, but not so frequently as it should be. Timid and superstitious folk who are afraid not to forward such letters are to be both pitied and blamed. If they wish to be classed among the sane and wholesome-minded they should join the increasing ranks of those who cheerfully and promptly consign all chain letters to the waste basket.

THE TRIAL MARRIAGE CLUB.

The existence of a "trial marriage" club made up of young boys and girls was disclosed in an Indiana town the other day, when one of the couples eloped. Under a silly contract which each member of the club signed, the various couples agreed to marry on six months' trial. If the result proved unsatisfactory, they would separate and obtain a divorce.

Apparently the one pair of youngsters were the only members who had arrived at the stage of practical experiment. But what were the parents of all these children about, when such an organization could flourish and attain a considerable membership undetected?

Where mothers and fathers really stay on guard, and make it a business to keep in friendly touch with their children and their associates, laxity of morals or manners on a large scale has no opportunity to develop. There may be an individual here or there with vicious tendencies, but before his or her influence is exerted very far it runs up against the counter-influence of home, or of the influence of friends coming from sensible homes, and there it stops. Where it has a chance to permeate a large circle, parental vigilance has been sorely wanting.

Paragould's speedy disposition of the crisis confronting the local schools is ample proof of the fact that it is capable of measuring up to any requirement where progressiveness is involved. The one big trouble with the community is, it lacks a "self-starter" to get its motor to going promptly. It took a good deal of "cranking" to get the school motor to going but when it started it hit upon all cylinders. Let's get a "self starter."

CONVICT HEIR
TO FORTUNE
OF 12 MILLIONS

Vermont State Prison Inmate Now Has Enough Money to Buy Several Jails.

(By International News Service.)
Windsor, Vt., Nov. 13.—Richard Demange, convict, residing in cell No. 128, at the Vermont State Prison, is an heir to a fortune of \$12,000,000, it was learned recently.

The gray-faced, callous-handed convict, who is wealthy enough to buy the jail and turn it into a magnificent mansion; will probably be released early next spring, providing he behaves himself and has good luck. He is serving a sentence of from two to three years.

Richard Demange has been a laborer all his life, but recently learned that he is one of the three equal heirs of the deceased Nicholas Demange, whose fortune, now amounting to \$12,000,000, is deposited in the Bank of France, at Paris. He is anxiously counting the days when he can leave the prison and assist his relatives in the establishing of his identity and the identity of the long dead Nicholas.

The only weak link in the evidence supporting the Demange claims of relationship is the absence of birth records proving the relationship of the living Demanges to their grandfather, Nicholas Demange. These papers were mislaid years ago.

EX-PRES. WILSON
GIVEN OVATION
ARMISTICE DAY

Evident That Former Chief Executive Recovering Health—Sounds New Call to Americans.

Washington, Nov. 13.—Woodrow Wilson delivered Saturday afternoon the first public message to come from his lips in three years. Out of the seclusion into which illness drove him during his western speaking tour in September of 1919 he emerged with drastic unexpectedness vastly improved in healthful appearance and vigor of voice, to utter again the principles he was fighting for when he was stricken.

The incident was notable above all else for the nature of the message—a prophecy that America's sense of justice will yet sweep blind partisans from the path and bring peace to the world. And this itself was given as the former president's comment on Tuesday's elections.

The Partisan Senate.

In one of the strongest parts of his address, which was extemporaneous, he said:

"It is a singular circumstance that while we prescribed the conditions of the armistice, we will not concur in the establishment of permanent peace.

"That, of course, was brought about by a group in the United States Senate who preferred personal, partisan motives to the honor of their country and the peace of the world.

"They do not represent the United States because the United States is moving forward and they are slipping backward. Where their slipping will end, God only will determine."

It was impressive for the wild fervor of more than 7,000 admirers who were massed upon the steep slope of S. street before the Wilson home. It was particularly fitting for it came upon Armistice Day, which had brought these crowds there to pay a tribute, as they did a year ago, to the man who pointed the path which he is still following as steadfastly as his broken health permits.

An Impressive Scene.

It was likewise deeply moving, for the pathos of a scene in which an ex-president, leaning heavily upon the arm of an attendant, rises above physical infirmity to sound again the keynote of his convictions through all the storms of politics that have swept him, could not escape even rabid dissenters. To these few thousands of admirers, perhaps half of them women, crowding every space within earshot, and high embankments across the street, the moment meant the invisible mass emotionalism. Women wept freely. Men stood with their hats off.

As for Mr. Wilson, his left arm still limp, but his cane grasped

firmly in his right hand, he came very slowly out of his doorway to a place on the low stone step, relinquished his attendant aid and waved his silk hat, smiling no set smile but one of genuine pleasure. His cheeks glowed with better color than he has had since he first became seriously ill. He looked stouter, his eyes as keen and alert as ever. His voice was something of a revelation, for the few words of thanks he murmured a year ago on a like occasion were inaudible and haltingly spoken. It was vibrant, spirited and fairly strong—it never was powerful.

A Simple Programme.

There was the utmost simplicity to the programme. The crowd, supposed simply to go to the Wilson home and briefly remind him of their allegiance. The old southern songs were sung—school children in bright red and white costumes denoting some health crusade, war veterans in uniform, women's organizations with brilliant banners. The Wilson door-step was heaped with bouquets and baskets of gay flowers.

It was upon this bright sunlight scene that the former president smiled as he came from the dark of his hallway, Mrs. Wilson behind him. The air was split with cheering. It rose again and again until Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, had subdued it finally by pianissimo movements of both hands. Then Mr. Morgenthau read an address, purposely brief to spare Mr. Wilson a long strain of attendance.

But Mr. Wilson seemed well able to undergo what his family feared would be too great a tax on his strength. He stood, a trifle bent, but smiling and at ease, resting his right hand against a stone pillar, his cane hooked into his coat pocket, and twice he interrupted Mr. Morgenthau with a quick smile and comment.

"I would take several hours to tell you what is in our hearts and minds," Mr. Morgenthau was saying by way of explaining the forthcoming brevity of his remarks.

"Don't do it," Mr. Wilson said, with a broad smile.

"Last Tuesday it was demonstrated that the people of America are escaping from materialism and a selfishness and are preparing again to recognize their solemn and inexorable duty towards their fellow-nations in Europe," said Mr. Morgenthau.

"Hear, hear," called Mr. Wilson to the crowds who answered with their cheers.

Regains His Voice

As soon as Mr. Morgenthau had stopped, Mr. Wilson moved nearer the edge of his doorstep and in his now greatly restored voice that carried well to the crowds spoke for very nearly ten minutes.

During most of the time Mr. Wilson stood hatless, but in the midst of his message he interrupted himself to say "If you will pardon an invalid for putting on his hat, I will promise not to talk through it."

That flash of his wanted good humor delighted his hearers; who both laughed and applauded because it was another indication of Mr. Wilson's improved condition.

Having concluded, waved incessantly to his cheering audience, and resorted again to his attendant, Mr. Wilson turned and re-entered, taking Mrs. Wilson's hand to help

him over the inner step. Shortly thereafter he appeared at a second floor window, which was thrown open, and the cheering continued for him and for the League of Nations, at which last he joined in a vigorous waving of his right hand. There was more singing of southern songs, while Mr. Wilson happily gazed at the crowds.

A fervid voice, unmistakably of Italian quality, burst in from a point well up on the wooden embankment opposite to proclaim, "Mist Wilson, greatest man in the world."

It brought its owner a special smile and salute from Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson still held a cluster of white carnations from among the heaps of flowers gathered in from the doorstep. Miss Elizabeth Edwards, daughter of Governor Edwards, the newly elected senator from New Jersey, was among the donors.

Leaves For Afternoon Ride

The white carnations were still held in Mr. Wilson's hands a few minutes later when he set forth for his afternoon ride.

The police reserves, who are getting used to crowds whenever Wilson ventures to the theatre, parted a way in the middle of the street, and the big touring car passed slowly through the ranks of still cheering, waving, surging men and women. The click of cameras came from all sides, it seemed, and from perches pre-empted from the birds. Mr. Wilson smiled, waved his hat, again picked up the white carnations, and passed into the distance.

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Blacks Exceed Whites in York, S. C., Schools

(By International News Service.)
York, S. C., Nov. 14.—There are now twenty-one more colored children in the public schools of York

county than there are white children, according to the annual report of John E. Carroll, county superintendent of education. Three years ago there were 1,000 more negroes than whites, but the adoption of the compulsory education

laws by the state has forced many whites to go to school. York county spends a per capita of \$52.60 for the education of her white children and only \$3.82 for the negro children.

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Marriage licenses have been issued to the following couples: James L. Presson of Marmaduke Route No. 2 and Miss Edith Coin of Marmaduke Route No. 3; Vester Forestry of Marmaduke, Route No. 3, and Mrs. Ora Adams of Marmaduke.
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